

Rev Daniel Richards
from the author of
THE

"GROANS" OF INDIA:

A

VOICE AND A VISITOR

FROM

HINDOSTAN.

=

A "STRANGE" THING AND A STRANGER.

"IN THE MOUTH OF TWO OR THREE WITNESSES SHALL EVERY WORD
BE ESTABLISHED."—2 Cor. xiii. 1.

"How, then, can I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other?

Nor can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage
Or heedless folly by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls of mine."

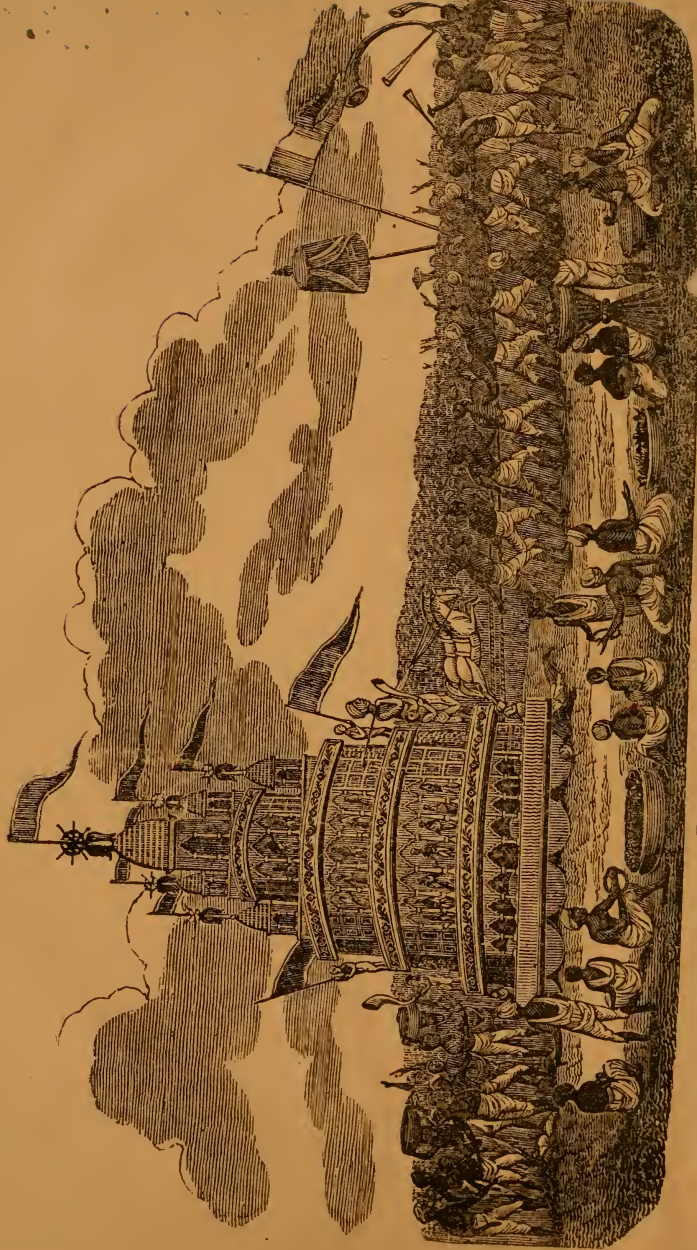
BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY D. S. KING & CO.

No. 1 CORNHILL.

D. H. ELLA, Printer, 37 Cornhill.

1843.



THE FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT

"GROANS" OF INDIA, &c.

THE RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS — WHAT IS IT?

IN support of the position that Brahmanism is a pure theism, its advocates, with an air of triumph, point us to the fundamental doctrine of this system, as laid in the belief of the existence of one universal, self-existing spirit, recognized under the appellation of the *Supreme Brahm*. But what is not a little remarkable, and by no means complimentary, either to their Hindooism or its eulogists, is, that this supreme Brahm proves, after all, to be at best a supreme nothing! From the very epithets by which he is most frequently designated, his existence is without attributes or qualities. Hence, as no notion can be formed of either matter or spirit apart from qualities or attributes, Brahm is a mere negation. At least, as the legitimate result of this fancied theism, in profound admiration of which many a semi-infidel Orientalist has said and sung so much, we find the indivisible identity of their deified abstraction divided into no less than three hundred and thirty millions of subordinate divinities:—so that the one hundred and thirty millions of India's idolatrous worshippers do not number a moiety of her gods! And what are these gods?

"All monstrous and prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
Gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire."

But here let me introduce the testimony of one* who speaks what he knows, and testifies what he has

* Dr. Duff. See p. 12.

seen. As the gods exhibit every variety of character, there is, as might be anticipated, a corresponding variety in the rites and ceremonies which constitute their worship. Their history, alas, is a mere tissue of vice and villany. They quarrel and fight among themselves, kicking and beating one another; at one time knocking out a tooth or an eye, and then cutting off the head, or an arm, or some other member of the body. Some of them are found pouring out their imprecations and curses when thwarted in their mischievous plans and plots. Others are addicted to theft, and murder, and licentiousness; and after having violated every commandment in the second table of the decalogue, they are next found inventing all manner of lying tales to screen their own roguish tricks and abominable transgressions. Never did a people more completely succeed in feigning and fabricating gods "altogether like unto themselves." And when once feigned and fabricated, these same gods become in turn patrons of evil in every form in which it can possibly manifest itself in hearts that "are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Are there deities who patronize vice of the grossest description? Hence it is that their votaries do indulge in orgies and abominations which in a Christian land, would make many a hackneyed profligate to shudder. Hence, too, the annual dedication at the Hindoo temples of thousands and tens of thousands of unhappy females, who, under the designation of "the wives of the god," are taught both by parents and priests to regard themselves as his special favorites—lending their whole life for the diffusion of wantonness, under the warrant of divine authority, and legitimating licentiousness as religious worship, their obligations of moral pollution being actually consecrated as acts of devotional homage. Are there deities who delight in cruelty and blood? They too must have their peculiar emblems and rites. Hence it is that in honor of them, and to purchase their favor, such numbers of deluded votaries are constantly found engaged in practices the most cruel and san-

guinary. Hence the nameless variety of self-inflicted tortures which annually disgrace the festival of the goddess Kalee. Hence the crushing of the miserable victims beneath the wheels of the car of the idol Jugernaut. The same remark applies to a catalogue of other deities too extensive and too loathsome to be enumerated.



DEATH BY THE GANGES — A PRECEPT OF THEIR RELIGION.

When sickness is thought to be unto death, the patient, whether willing or unwilling, is hurried to the banks of the Ganges. At some ghats there are open porches where the wealthy may find refuge. But for the great mass of the people there is no resource; they die stretched on the muddy bank, often without even a mat beneath them; exposed to the piercing rays of the sun by day, and to the chilling damps and dews of night. Here you see a wretched creature writhing in agony, and no means whatever employed for his recovery or relief. You propose to supply some remedy. Your offer is scornfully rejected. "He was brought here to die," say those around him, "and live he cannot now." There you see some young men roughly carrying an enfeebled female to the river. You ask, What is to be done with her? The reply is, "We are going to give her up to Ganga to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven, for she is our mother." Here you behold a man and woman sitting by the stream busily engaged in besprinkling a beloved child with the muddy water, endeavoring to soothe his dying agonies with the monotonous but plaintive lullaby, "'Tis blessed to die by Ganga, my son." "To die by Ganga is blessed, my son." There you behold another seated up to the waist in the water. The leaves of a sacred plant are put into his mouth. He is exhorted to repeat, or if he is unable, his relations

repeat in his behalf, the names of the principal gods. The mud is spread over the breast and forehead, and thereon is written the name of his tutelary deity. The attendant priest next proceeds to the administration of the last fatal rites by pouring mud and water down his throat, crying out, "O, mother Ganga, receive his soul!" The dying man may be roused to sensibility by the violence. He may implore his friends to desist, as he does not yet wish to die. His earnest supplications and the woful expression of his countenance stir up your bowels of compassion, and you vehemently expostulate with his legalized murderers in his favor. They coolly reply, "It's our religion; it's our religion. Our Shashtra recommends him so to die for the benefit of his soul." They then drown his entreaties amid shouts of "Hurri bol! hurri bol!" and persevere in filling his mouth with water till he expires, stifled, suffocated, murdered in the name of humanity, in the name of religion! and that too by his own parents, by his own brothers or sisters, by his own sons or daughters! Sometimes strangers are abandoned on the bank without undergoing the ceremony of drinking Ganges water. Of these some have been seen creeping along, with the flesh half eaten off their backs by birds of prey; others with their flesh torn by dogs and jackals; and others still, partly covered with insects, while as yet the principle of life was not wholly extinct! The constant exhibition of scenes like the preceding, scenes which are to be witnessed somewhere or other every day, yea, every hour of every day, along the banks of the Ganges, may well justify the paradoxical exhortation of the late Mr. Thomas, "Do not send men of compassion here, for you will soon break their hearts! Do send men of compassion here, where millions perish for lack of knowledge." How "strange" that human beings can be so deluded! And yet is it not "stranger" that there are some among us who think the price of one week's work in fifty-two is too much to give to save them from those idolatrous delusions?

THE CAR FESTIVAL, OR THE WORSHIP OF JUGGERNAUT.

AMONG the countless multitude who annually assemble for the celebration of the idol of Juggernaut, many from the remotest parts of India measure the whole distance of their painful pilgrimage by prostrating their bodies at every length on the ground. On their arrival some remain all day with their feet in the air, and their heads on the earth. Some may be seen cramming their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw. One lies extended in a puddle of water, and another with his body buried in the ground. Here lies a man with his foot tied to his neck, another has a pot of fire on his breast, and a third lies enveloped in a net of ropes. The "horrid king" is now dragged forth from his temple and mounted on his lofty car, in the presence of hundreds of thousands, who cause the very earth to shake with shouts of "Victory to Juggernaut our lord;" while the officiating priest, stationed in front of the elevated idol, commences the public service by a loathsome pantomimic exhibition, accompanied with filthy blasphemous songs, to which the vast multitude at intervals respond, not in the strains of tuneful melody, but in loud yells of approbation, united with a kind of lascivious hissing applause.

As the ponderous machine rolls on, "grating harsh thunder," one and another throw themselves beneath the wheels, and are instantly ground into the earth. And here and there on the adjacent plain may be seen "dogs, jackals and vultures, that seem to live on human prey."

In looking at the great temple in Orissa, perhaps you console yourself in the belief that in beholding this you have not only seen the worst, but have seen all. This is a mistake. As there are numbers of sacred rivers in India, but the Ganges, from being the most sacred, has acquired a monopoly of fame, so there are many shrines of Juggernaut, though this one, from being the largest and most venerated, has

in like manner acquired exclusive celebrity. In hundreds or rather thousands of places where there are no temples, properly so called, there are still images and cars of Juggernaut, fashioned after the model of the great prototypes at Orissa. There is scarcely a large village in all Bengal without its car of Juggernaut. In Calcutta and its neighborhood there are scores of them, varying in size from a few feet up to thirty or forty in height. What a view must open up to you of the fearful extent and magnitude of this destructive superstition, when you try to realize the *fact* that on this occasion of the car festival, all the millions of Bengal are in motion; that when the great car in Orissa is dragged forth amid the shouts and acclamations of hundreds of thousands assembled from all parts of India, on the very same day and at the very same hour, there are hundreds of cars rolled along the widely scattered districts of the land. So that there are not merely hundreds of thousands, but literally millions, engaged in these licentious and bloodstained celebrations at one and the same time.

Extract of a letter written by the Bishop of Calcutta, read by Mr. Poynder during his speech on idolatry in India, in debate at the East India House, October, 1841:—

“ I have visited the valley of death; I have seen the den of darkness. Juggernaut has been trodden by these feet, and seen with these eyes, after thirty or forty years hearing about it. O, Buchanan, how well do I remember your pious indignation when you visited this foul and horrible scene! My soul is moved within me even with trembling. The dread pagoda is situated within the vicinity of this village, called Pooree, of which the narrow streets and wretched abodes are only emblems of the moral ruin and misery it diffuses. A town of fifty thousand souls is held together by the direct superstition—no trade but sin—no art but delusion and lies—no bond of union but communion in idolatry. The horrors are unutterable. One hundred and fifty thou-

sand pilgrims attend yearly, of whom about one-third, or fifty thousand, perish by hunger, fatigue or cholera yearly. They come from all parts of India. The larger number are women, who concert their plans for the journey unknown to their husbands and families, and start off at a moment. The abominations consequent may be judged by this trait. It is a scene of plunder, cruelty and lust. When the caravans arrive, a perpetual fight takes place among the Pooree inhabitants, who shall receive the helpless wretches, who are plundered not only of all they possess or can procure, but of all they can borrow at immense interest. The process completed, the stripped multitude then proceed on their return. The sick are uniformly left behind, to whiten with their bones the accursed plains. Those plains are barren sands, thrown up from the beach by the southeast monsoon. The season of pestilence is chosen as it were to heighten their misery; for instance, June, when the extreme heat is suddenly succeeded by the rains and the cholera among the undefended crowds. The sick still sometimes throw themselves under the wheels of the car; bands of music, troops of dancers, or prostitutes of the vilest order, noisy, intemperate debauchery, with the most filthy and unutterable pollutions in figures, exhibitions and songs, make up the religious rites of Juggernaut. The pagoda or circuit of the inclosed temple is a mass of heavy building, of which no one is allowed to penetrate the interior, because the cooking is continually going on in the inner circuits, and the passing of a Christian would defile the whole culinary establishment. If we had chosen to pay 2,000 rupees for recleansing the sanctuary afterwards, we might have been admitted. Such is Juggernaut! Dr. Buchanan's description is most true. Cruelty, lust, oppression, disease, famine, death, follow the train; while in the worship of the true God and Savior there follow light, mercy, purity, justice, peace, domestic happiness, truth, pardon, holiness and eternal life!"

Dr. Ward, after witnessing for some days the dis-

gusting abominations connected with the worship of this "Moloch of the East," says, "My spirits are so exhausted by the constant view of these enormities, that I must hasten away from this place sooner than I at first intended. One of the distressing scenes I beheld this morning at the place of skulls, was a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead, and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The throng passed by without noticing the children. 'Where is their home?' I asked. 'They have no home but where their mother is,' was the reply." How "strange" that these Brahman priests should exert their mighty influence over these perishing millions to perpetuate these bestial and barbarous rites. And yet it is thought there are in Christendom some ministers of the Gospel who, if they are not wholly willing to have it so, are nevertheless unwilling to say, sacrifice or suffer much to have it otherwise. Is not this "stranger?"

"Thousands of pilgrims strain
 Arm, breast, shoulder and thigh, with might and main,
 To drag that sacred wain.
 And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
 Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
 And calling on the god,
 Their self devoted bodies there they lay,
 To pave his chariot way.
 On Juggernaut they call,
 The ponderous car rolls on and crushes all.
 Through blood and bones it ploughs its dreadful path,
 Groans rise unheard; the dying cry
 And death and agony
 Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
 Who follow close and thrust the deadly wheels along."



THE FESTIVAL OF DURGA.

In the province of Bengal the consort of Shiva, the Destroyer, is one of the chief objects of worship. Of the thousand forms under which this goddess is manifested, Durga and Kalee have the pre-eminence.

Durga is represented with ten arms, bearing weapons of war which she received from the principal gods,

—in one hand she grasps a trident, in the second a battle-axe, in the third a quiver and arrows, in the fourth an iron club, in a fifth spears and thunderbolts, &c.; her apparel is a gorgeous robe adorned with jewels, a golden crown, a necklace of pearls and a wreath of snakes! Of this goddess the images found in the houses of the wealthy natives are made of gold, silver, copper, &c., are daily worshipped, and transmitted as hereditary property from sire to son. Besides these, there are vast numbers manufactured for temporary use on stated occasions. These may be made of clay, sticks, straw or any other material.—To the prescribed form, however, there must be a strict adherence, while the size may vary from a few inches to twenty feet in height. Though these idols may be made by the worshippers themselves, yet such is the patronage of this craft (as yet in little danger from the aggressive action of Christians) that in the single city of Calcutta there are thousands of mechanics whose sole profession is image making! A little previous to the annual festival of this goddess, in passing along the streets you find yourself in the native part of the city, in the midst of a forest of these unseemly semblances of “nothing in the world.” As the great day approaches, symptoms of increasing preparation thicken and multiply all around. People are seen in every direction conveying the images to their houses. The materials for wonder-stirring exhibitions and ceremonial observances are every where accumulating. Thousands of residents from a distance are returning to their homes in the interior laden with the earnings and profits of months, to lavish on the great occasion. Secular business of every kind, public and private, is suspended by land and by water, in town and in country. All things seem to announce the approach of a grand holiday,—a season of universal joy and festivity. Early on the first morning of the three great days of the fifteen during which the festival is continued, commences the grand rite of consecrating the images. Hitherto these have been regarded as combinations of lifeless, senseless matter.

Now, however, by the power of the Brahmans—those vicegerents of deity on earth—they are to be endowed with life and intelligence. The officiating Brahman, provided with the leaves of a sacred tree and other holy accoutrements, approaches the image. With the two forefingers of his right hand he touches the breast, the two cheeks, the eyes and the forehead of the image, at each successive touch giving audible utterance to the prayer, “Let the spirit of Durga descend and take possession of this image.” And thus by the performance of various ceremonies, and the enunciation of various mystical verses or incantations, called *muntras*, the ghostly officiator is devoutly believed to possess the divine power of bringing down the goddess to take bodily possession of the image.

This sentiment doubtless owes its origin to the following Sanscrit Sloka : “The universe is under the power of the deities, — the deities are under the power of the *muntras*, — the *muntras* are under the power of the Brahmans, — consequently the Brahmans are gods.”

Immediately after the consecration of the images the worship commences. At the upper end of the hall is the ten armed image of the goddess raised several feet on an ornamented pedestal. On either side of her are placed images of her two sons ; Ganesha the god of wisdom, with his elephant head ; and Kartikeya, the god of war, riding on a peacock ! After the whole round of senseless and disgusting worship is completed, a scene of festivity and carousal succeeds. The spectators are entertained with fruits and sweetments. Guests of distinction have *atar*, or the essence of roses and rich conserves, abundantly administered. Musicians with various hand and wind instruments are introduced into the hall. Numbers of abandoned females, gaily attired and glittering with jewels, are hired for the occasion to exhibit their wanton dances, and rehearse their indecent songs in praise of the idol, amid the plaudits of surrounding worshippers.

But look for a moment at the expensiveness of these celebrations. In the city of Calcutta alone it is esti-

mated that two millions four hundred thousand dollars are expended on the festival of this one goddess.—What then must be the sum total expended on *all* the daily, weekly, monthly and annual rites, ceremonies and festivals held in honor of all their countless pantheon of divinities? At another of these festivals a native has been known to offer 80,000 pounds of sweetmeats, 80,000 pounds of sugar, 1,000 cloth garments, 1,000 suits of silk, 1,000 offerings of rice, plantains and other fruits. Another has been known to expend one hundred and forty seven thousand dollars upon a single festival, and forty-eight thousand a year afterwards to the close of his life. The rajah of Nudiya, in the north of Bengal, offered on the first day of a festival a large number of sheep and goats and buffaloes, and vowed to double the offering on each succeeding day; the number in all amounted to 65,000! The heathen of a single city contributed more than five times as much to support one idolatrous festival as any Christian denomination gave last year—yes, nearly as much as all denominations in the world gave to send their religion to the heathen!

And what have we who are professedly living not to ourselves but unto him who died for us,—to him who though he was rich yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich,—rich in faith and heirs of an eternal kingdom,—what have we to say to all this? Why, it's "strange,"—it's "strange." But if we hear no voice of rebuke in this language of heathen liberality, let us look at the example of one of these degraded idolators when converted to the religion we profess. I allude to Narapoti Singh, who, by his attachment to Christianity, sacrificed for a period of twenty-four years the sum of eight thousand rupees per annum, making in all one hundred thousand dollars; and this, it is added, "is all his living." As this man was a preacher, it has been thought it might not be amiss for some of the preachers in this country, especially during these hard times, to read his life, or perhaps the portion of it referred to.



EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF DR. DUFF,
 DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WESLEYAN
 MISSIONARY SOCIETY, HELD IN LONDON.

After some general remarks, of an introductory character, the Dr. proceeds: "I had intended to be silent on this occasion, but my friend Dr. Bunting would not let me rest, telling me there was nobody but myself here from India; and the very sound of that name would rouse me were I on a bed of sickness.— The meeting have been hearing a great deal of Ireland, and no doubt sympathize much with the sufferings of the Protestants in Ireland; but as I stand before you the sole representative of India, those whom I address must allow me to remind them that they have subjects of sympathy in India as well as in Ireland — that they are just as much their brethren as if they were only separated by the Irish Channel. The difference is that they may have to be counted by millions in Ireland; but if they will only cross the vast ocean they will find a race there to be calculated by scores of millions, — one hundred and thirty mill-

ions on the burning plains of India who claim kindred with them. It is impossible at this moment to enter into a general view of a theme so vast as that which concerns that people ; and therefore I think the best thing I can do will be to *utilize* the views of the meeting and fix on one particular spot. The one hundred and thirty millions to whom I have referred are more or less under one generic species of idolatry. The meeting have no doubt heard there are many gods in India. How many would they suppose ? Three hundred and thirty millions — thereby giving two and a half to each human being ! * * I will call your attention to one of those festivals which takes place in India every year, and will refer you to one which has just terminated, and which was held in honor of one of their favorite goddesses ; for they have as many goddesses as gods, and this is one of their most monstrous peculiarities. I have heard infidels talk of the religion of nature. I wish they would only go to India to see what nature is ! If they really wish to know what the genuine, spontaneous products of corrupt nature are, let them go to the plains of India. * * There is a class of men in India whose very profession is that of murder. Would it be believed by this meeting that these men can go to the shrine of their divinity before setting out on their errand of death, and pray for success, promising in return for that success, a share of the booty ? You have heard about the character of the morality of the Hindoos ; well, look at the character of their divinities and judge what must their worshippers be ! Their sacred books declare that those deities can be propitiated only with blood. * * and finally conclude by saying that the sacrifice of three men's lives will propitiate the divinity for three hundred thousand years.* But to return to the great festival adverted to. Early on the morning of the festival-day hundreds of thousands of persons are to be seen approaching the celebrated

* The Dr. here speaks at some length of human sacrifices — mentions the case of a man immolated before his own door while none dared to interfere, — also of the practice still of hook-swinging, which so many suppose is discontinued.

temple of this favored divinity. Among them are groups of devotees of ten, twelve or fourteen persons — some uttering exclamations, others making all sorts of gestures; some with large instruments of music; some carrying cords, others rods, others bamboo canes, and occasionally a serpent with its fangs extracted; some carry spears, India pitch, some charcoal, &c.; the line of persons extending as far as the eye can reach. On one occasion I went with other spectators into the western side of the temple. As the people passed the idol, they threw down whatever money they possessed; others were picking it up and putting it out of the way; until on the other side there was actually to be seen a large heap of money, — gold, silver and copper. It was then that I felt most acutely, — when I looked back and contrasted the scanty, shrivelled liberality of those who in my native country called themselves by the name of Christ — I say when I contrasted it with the pile of money which I saw thrown down there, I could not help exclaiming, “What, and is it so?” Is it so, that the fear of a monstrous idol can extort from men that which the blood of a bleeding, dying Savior fails to do? Is there more in a stone than in the redeeming love of Christ? If there is not, what conclusion can I come to but this: that there are among us a number who have only a name to live who are in reality dead? But I had almost forgotten myself, having returned only the other day from cold, calculating Scotland, that I am at this moment in the midst of a Wesleyan Society which have lately out-Wesleyed even Wesleyan liberality. Returning to the temple, my pain was not the less when I beheld the monster block which was worshipped. — Their own sacred books have described it, and what is the description? She is represented with a most ferocious countenance, of black or dark blue complexion, dancing savagely on the body of her own husband. — She has four arms: — bearing with one an exterminating sword, with another a human head, held fast by the hair, a third points downward, indicating the destruction that surrounds her, and the fourth is raised upward, “in allusion to the future regeneration of na-

ture by a new creation." She is seen with wild, dishevelled hair reaching to her feet. Her tongue protrudes from a distorted mouth and hangs over the chin. She has three eyes, red and fiery, one of which glares in her forehead. Her lips and eyebrows are streaked with blood, and a crimson torrent is streaming down her breast. She has ear-rings in her ears, — but what are they? each a corpse of some helpless victim of her fury. She has a girdle around her waist, — but what is it? It is a girdle of bloody hands, said to have been cut off the wounded bodies of her prostrate foes. She has a necklace round the neck, — but what is it? It is a necklace of ghastly skulls, said to have been cut off the thousands of giants and others slain in her battles. Towards the wall were stationed several blacksmiths with sharp instruments in their hands. The devotees carrying the rods and canes, the iron spits or tubes, approaching these blacksmiths, — one extends his naked side, it is instantly pierced through, and in passes one of his rods or canes; another reaches out his arm, this is perforated, and in passes his iron spit; a third protrudes his tongue, and getting it bored through he passes in a cord or one of the serpents! On a sudden, at a signal given, commenced the bleating and the lowing and the struggling of animals slaughtered in sacrifice; because, alas! even at this day of the nineteenth century, to the discredit of Christendom, they believe in India that the blood of beasts can take away sin. At the same moment of time the vessel carriers threw upon the burning coals in their vessels handfuls of pitch composed of various combustible substances. Instantly ascended the smoke and the flame and the sulphurous smell. Those who had the musical instruments sent forth their loud and jarring and discordant sounds. And those who were transpierced began dancing in the most frantic manner — pulling backwards and forwards through their wounded members the rods and the canes, the spits and the tubes, the cords and the writhing serpents, till their bodies seemed streaming with their own blood! Again and again would the loud shouts ascend

from the thousands of applauding spectators, "Victory to Kalee ! Victory to the great Kalee !" If it were possible to bring that exhibition before this assembly is it probable, is it conceivable, that any one here would be able to give sleep to his eyes or slumber to his eyelids till he had done a thousand times more than ever for the purpose of putting an end to such appalling and revolting practices? O, there is a loud, an emphatic call from the millions of India upon professing Christians of this country. In their name and for their sake I call upon this meeting to come forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and against the actors in those dark atrocities. I have given you but a single specimen out of hundreds that might be adduced. What then must be the aggregate? I call upon you to come forward in a case of such inconceivable necessity, and prove yourselves to be worthy of bearing the name of that man who truly proved himself to be, without disparagement to any body of British Christians whatever, the modern apostle of England. I call upon you to come forward and shew yourselves worthy of your founder, who was one of nature's own noblemen, deriving his nobility from a higher source than hereditary rank or the whims and caprices of an earthly sovereign. O that the Lord would raise up another Wesley, who should go forth in the spirit of Elijah of old, to awaken and shake the churches out of their deadness and slumber ! O that another Wesley might arise among them, that he might outrival the last, and that he might have entwined around his brow hereafter, as already your memorable founder has, a garland bestudded with jewels—yea, with myriads of redeemed souls, sparkling with the radiance of the Sun of righteousness—souls called forth not from Britain alone, but from the land of the negro, the Hottentot, the Indian, and all other parts of the known world. Rouse, then, I would say, and by the grace of God resolve that the future year shall infinitely outdo all the past. O that the Almighty would rend the heavens and come down in the midst of us all with something like a Pentecost effusion of

the Spirit; for without that nothing effectual can be done. When that takes place, in every district the cry will universally be raised which was heard in many towns in his own times, through the labors of Wesley, "What shall I do to be saved?" If this cry were universally raised, then in every hamlet, and in every village would contributions pour into the Christian treasury with the profusion of Indian idolators, though I grieve to be obliged to make use of such a comparison to a Christian audience. Then indeed would the inhabitants of the world be moved by a power which the Almighty alone could put in motion; then would the earth yield its increase; then would all kindreds and tribes and tongues and people unite in one shout of "Hallelujah unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. Amen."



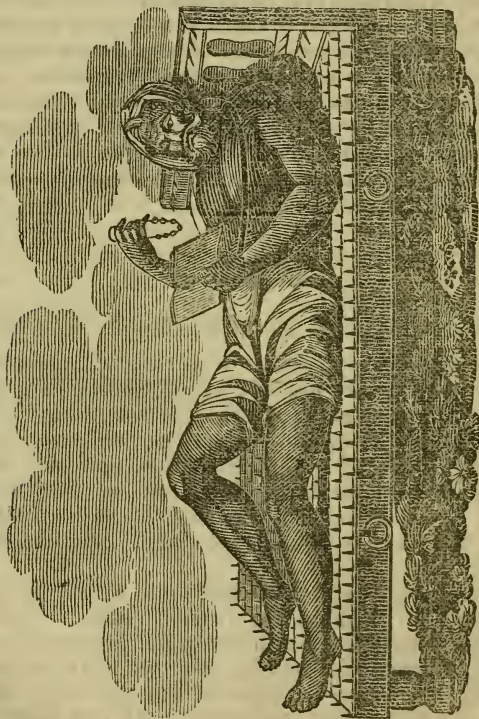
SELF TORTURE BY PURRUM SOUTUNTRE.

THE following account of a case of self torture practised by a man named Purrum Soutuntre is given by Mr. Duncan, an English gentleman, who saw him in the city of Benares. When only ten years of age he began a life of self mortification, and used to lie on thorns and pebbles. He went on thus for ten years, and then began to wander about as a fakéer, going from one of their pretended holy places to another.

At one place he shut himself up in a cell, where he vowed to do penance for twelve years. There he staid till vermin gnawed his flesh and left marks which remained when Mr. Duncan saw him. At the end of a year, the rajah or chief of that country, taking pity on him, opened the door of his cell, hoping to persuade him to leave off tormenting himself; but the poor wretch was full of fury to be thus interrupted, "And now," said he to the rajah, "you shall have my curse on your head (and all the Hindoos dread the curses of these men) for breaking in upon me.

What, do you think I am not above such sufferings as these! What are they to *me*? Let the rajah get me a bed of spikes, that I may lie on it night and day, and he shall see what I am able to do, and then, perhaps, obtain my forgiveness!"

The rajah, frightened at the thought of the curse of this ferocious man lighting on him, got him a bed of



PURUM SOUTUNTRE, LYING ON HIS BED OF SPIKES.

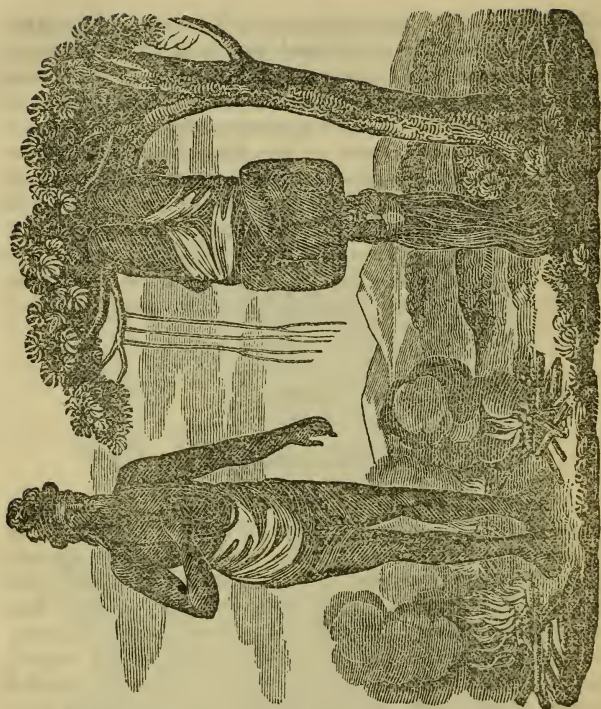
spikes, and this became a sort of triumphal car for this wretched devotee. He set out immediately on long journeys, and was drawn on this infernal machine all round the country for thousands of miles, the poor people every where worshipping him as a sort of god.

He travelled about in this manner for thirty-five years. Having no longer, as he said, any inclination to roam, he wished to spend the rest of his days in Benares. But so blinded was the poor man by the prince of darkness, that he was not contented with the supposed merit of his self torture on the bed of spikes, but he tried to put himself to still greater pain. He boasted to Mr. Duncan that he caused water to fall on his head night and day in the cold season, from a pot with holes in it placed over him, drop by drop, so that he might be constantly uneasy; and when the hot weather came, he mortified himself by a still more painful exposure to the fire.



OTHER MODES OF SELF TORTURE.

A FAKEER, says Mr. Fisher, was observed by the road side preparing something extraordinary. He had several Hindoo pilgrims around him. His attendants literally worshipped him; kissing his feet, calling him god, and invoking his blessing! A large fire was kindled under the extended branch of an old tree; to this branch the Fakeer fastened two strong ropes, having at the lower end of each of them a stuffed noose, into which he introduced his feet; and thus being suspended with his head downward, over the fire, a third rope (at a distance towards the end of the branch) was fixed, by which he succeeded with one hand to set himself in a swinging motion, backward and forward through the smoke and flaming fire, which was kept blazing by a constant supply of fuel, ministered by many of his followers; with the other hand he counted a string of beads a fixed number of times; so as to ascertain the termination of the four hours, for which he had doomed himself daily to endure this exercise for twelve years, nine of which are nearly expired. A narrow bandage is over his eyes, and another over his mouth, to guard against



TORTURE BY SUSPENSION AND BY FIRE.

the suffocating effects of the smoke. By this means he says he shall atone for the guilt of his sins, and be made holy for ever. The last half hour of the four hours, the people say he stands upright, and swings in a circular motion round the fire. On coming down, he rolls himself in the hot ashes of the fire.

A number of Hindoo mendicants had erected huts near one of the descents into the Ganges, and several devotees on this spot daily surrounded themselves with fires of cow dung, and for three or four hours each day rested on their shoulders, with their legs upwards, repeating the names of the gods in silence, and counting their bead rolls. Crowds of people

were coming and going, astonished spectators of these infatuated men, who continued their religious austerities in the night, by standing up to the neck in the Ganges for two or three hours, counting their beads.

These are specimens of the numerous forms of self-torture practised by thousands of the poor, deluded worshippers of idols in Hindostan. Usually these austerities are practised, not so much as penances for sin, as works of extraordinary merit, producing large rewards in a future state. The Hindoo ascetics are universally beggars. Of their *real* character and their influence, Dr. Ward gives the following account:—

“So far from having subdued their passions, they frequently curse those who refuse to give them food. Many are common thieves. Almost all live in an unchaste state. And others are almost continually drunk by smoking intoxicating drugs. They are total strangers to real purity of heart and righteousness of life. They dread to kill an insect, to reproach a brahman, or to neglect a ceremony; but their impure thoughts and unjust actions never disturb their peace. Indeed, some of the most exalted of the Hindoo saints are represented, in their sacred books, as having burned with rage so as to become a terror to all who approached them, and their impurities, as recorded for the imitation of others, are too offensive to reach a European ear. The baneful effects of this system on the public manners, also, is such as every benevolent mind must exceedingly deplore. These beggars are not frowned upon, like those who have nothing but their misery to plead for them; but, on the other hand, some persons of property treat them with the greatest reverence, and sometimes invite a number of them to their houses, drink the water with which they washed their feet, and at the end of the entertainment, eat of the refuse from their plates. And by the mass of the people, they are regarded as but little short of divine, and are often almost literally worshipped. They are a set of privileged and insolent harpies, boldly demanding the contributions of

the abject and superstitious Hindoos. Their indolent habits, too, and the filthy songs they sing, lead to every species of impurity, and to perpetual acts of private plunder.



ANOTHER DEVELOPMENT OF HINDOO IDOLATRY.

THE horrid system of the Thugs is another product of Hindoo idolatry. By these wholesale robbers and murderers, organized as they are under the auspices of their demon divinity, the traveller is arrested on his journey, the devotee is strangled on his way to Juggernaut, the wealthy merchant loses his life and riches together, rajahs, attended by their friends and their servants, accompanied by their elephants, their horses, their camels, and all the paraphernalia of eastern grandeur, have been murdered, with all their train, in an instant. What to the Thugs are the claims of hospitality, the interchange of friendly intercourse, the solemn promise, vows of protection to the young, the defenceless and the lovely, the sympathies excited by the woes and calamities of others? All are disregarded. While a kind host has been feeding them at his table, a portion of his guests have been secretly engaged outside the tent in preparing his tomb, where they have given him and his relatives a sepulchre, as a reward for his entertainment. And yet in all this they have merely discharged a duty to their divinity!

How "strange" this is, and yet perhaps it does not occur to some that for the Christian world to permit it is still "stranger."



HUMAN SACRIFICES TO MAREE.

THE human sacrifices which Hindooism demands are frightful and appalling. Whatever may be the character of the people, and however quiet, and pas-

sive, and submissive they appear, their superstition is the most cruel and barbarous that has ever been established. In Goomsoor, a province which has lately fallen into the hands of the British, the horrid scenes which have been discovered, are almost beyond credibility. Whenever a disease raged in the family of the monarch, a human sacrifice was demanded to appease the offended deity, and nothing less precious than the life of an only son would gratify the demon. Immured in houses and in dungeons, there were found hundreds of poor children who had been stolen from the adjoining territories; and for what purpose were they concealed and preserved? that they might be fattened like so many sheep and oxen for the slaughter, and might, at a suitable season, be offered up to the Moloch of the country.

At the seed time, the farmers of a district would assemble together; a human victim was selected, was bound as a sacrifice to the altar, and was devoted to the most barbarous death. While the priest proclaimed the omens to be propitious, one farmer would come, and with a large knife would take a slice from the victim, would carry it away to his field, and would press the blood out of it while it was yet warm, and then bury it in the earth. A second, and a third, and a fourth, would come and act a similar part, till the wretched man was sliced in pieces while he was yet alive, and was consigned to various parts of the ground. But why this barbarity? That the favor of Maree might be obtained, and that no curse nor blight might rest upon the land; and that a richer harvest might arise from fields watered by the blood of sacrifice. O! these dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty.

Deeds of blood and atrocity are mixed up with the habits and customs of the people, and fail to produce any great sensation. In Christian countries, if a mother strangles her infant, if a father murders his son, if a brother puts a sister to death, a thrill of horror passes through the community, the public voice is lifted up, in loud and terrible denunciations,

against such a diabolical act; and the wonder is expressed how such a monster is permitted to live. But in India such deeds are so common that they have failed to make any impression upon the community, and are often regarded by their authors as actions of merit, rather than of infamy.



A HEATHEN SON TRYING TO MAKE HIS FATHER DIE.

As a lady one day was descending the Ganges in a boat, her attention was arrested by the sudden cry of a boy on the shore to a person for help. She looked out at her cabin window, and saw a poor, feeble, dying man by the edge of the stream, with his legs in the water. This man was the boy's father. And what was the cry of this heathen boy? Was it, "Help! help! Do come and help me, before my poor father dies. I have been here with him all night, and I am not able to get my father away. O do come and help me, or my father will die!" But hear the language of this Hindoo son. "Holloa there! holloa! Do come and help me; I can't make my old father die. I've been with him all night; I've stuffed his eyes, and his ears, and his nose, and his mouth with mud; but he won't die!" And all this was merely acting up to the precepts and spirit of his religion.



RUGHOO, A CONVERTED HOOK-SWINGER.

RUGHOO, a Hindoo, had been an enthusiast in idolatrous and evil practices. His back was covered with scars made by hooks, with which he had often been suspended in swinging. He heard, however, the gospel, and it became the power of God to his conversion. He left off his wicked practices, and mar-

ried a female with whom, previous to his conversion, he had lived in a state of sin; they continued to the end of his life an affectionate couple, adorning in all things the gospel of Christ. He was in one of the lower stations of life, but recommended the gospel to all around him by a humble and winning deportment. Talk to him at any time of the love of Christ, and tears would fill his eyes and run down his cheeks. In his last illness he reposed an unshaken reliance on the Lord Jesus Christ, and when he could no longer speak but with difficulty, he expressed, partly in broken language, and partly by signs, that Christ, the hope of glory, was there—laying his hand on his heart.



PITAMBURU AND BRINDABUND.

A DEVOTEE by the name of Pitamburu wandered about, accompanied by disciples, who listened to his discourses, prostrated themselves at his feet, and deemed him their oracle. He had a tract shown to him, but he was too proud to think that Christians could teach *him*. "Take it away," said he, with disdain, to the person who offered it to him. In the night, however, he reflected how foolish it was to send the book away without looking at it; and in the morning he went and obtained it. He had no sooner read it than he declared to all that this was the true way of salvation, and that he would certainly go and find the European who had given it away. Seeing the word "Serampore" at the end of the tract, he took the first opportunity to visit that place. On his arrival at the mission house, holding the book in his hand, he said that he was come to see the person who had given that book away.

In January, 1801, he was admitted into the Christian church, and maintained a consistent character till his death, which took place in August, 1805. He acted as teacher in a school, and became also a preacher of the gospel to his countrymen.

For the last two years of his life he was so much troubled with asthma, that he instructed those around him rather by his patience under suffering, his firm faith, and his edifying conversation, than by his active labors; often lamenting, however, his inability to carry the message of salvation to places where he wished to visit.

On the approach of death, his patience and resignation increased with his sufferings. He said, once or twice, to Mr. Ward, "I am never unhappy that it is thus with me; my spirits are always good." He would say, with a moving and child-like simplicity, "He is my God, and I am his child! He never leaves me; he is always present!" Alluding to the introduction to several of the epistles—*Grace be to you and peace from God the Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ*—he said several times, "Peace! peace! I now find in my own heart that peace!"

Of another of these, named Brindabund, who had been turned from Satan unto God, we are informed that during the last few weeks of his life, though his bodily sufferings were great, he was always happy, longing to depart and be with Christ. When asked, the day before he died, if he would take anything, he said "No," and putting his hand on a part of the Scriptures, which lay near him on the bed, he said, "This is my meat and drink and medicine." The neighbors, as was their custom, came round him; he got up and sat at his door, where he repeated from memory (for he was mighty in the Scriptures) some portions of the Word of God, and prayed; though he was then so weak as to be able to utter but a few words at a time. The following day he fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.



EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL IN A HEATHEN FAMILY.

When Mr. J. Goadby was in India he well knew Boleram, a converted Hindoo. Boleram was the father of two little girls: the elder about five or six years

old, the younger just able to talk. On one occasion Boleram came to his European friend and said he had something pleasing to tell him. He went on to state that he heard some one apparently talking in one of his outbuildings. Attracted by the sound, he listened, and soon perceived the voice of his little daughter, and he found that she was teaching her younger sister to pray. Let children who pray not mark this ! Let parents who teach not their children to pray mark this ! A little Hindoo girl whose father not long before was a heathen, now teaching her infant sister to pray !



WHAT ARE WE DOING ABROAD?

The following extract is from the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of Oct., 1842 :—

Foreign missionaries sent out from America by the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Africa, China, Crete, Greece, &c.—total, including female assistants, 20.

Sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in Africa, Greece, Syria, Persia, Western India, Southern India, Ceylon, Siam, China, Indian Archipelago, Borneo, North Pacific—Ordained missionaries, 138, ten of whom are physicians, 9 physicians not preachers, 13 teachers, 12 printers and bookbinders, 12 other male, and 198 female assistant missionaries. Foreign, total, 283.—Number of mission churches, 59, members, 19,842, of whom 4,350 were received during the previous year. There are 15 printing establishments, 29 presses, 5 type foundries, and 50 founts of type in the native languages. Seven seminaries, containing 499 boys, and 27 boarding schools, containing 253 boys and 378 girls, making a total of boarding scholars of 1,130. The number of free schools 490, containing 23,399 pupils.

By the Baptist General Convention for Foreign Missions in Germany, Prussia, Hanover, Denmark, Greece, Africa, Asia, Savoy, Siam, China, Arracan,

Assam, Teloogoo, — total, missionaries and assistants foreign, 99, domestic missionaries and agents 367.

Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa — total, including assistants, 24, domestic, including Oregon, 199.

Missions of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection in England, Asia, India, Ceylon, Australia Felix, Southern Australia, New South Wales, Western Australia, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, Friendly Isles, Southern Africa, Western Africa, West Indies — total number of missionary stations, 272, total number of members in the foreign stations, 88,315, total number of preachers and assistants, 333.

By a careful computation from the best authorities, it is ascertained that in the United States there is one evangelical minister for every 770 individuals. In addition to these ministers we have our local preachers, licentiates, exhorters, class leaders, active and intelligent lay members, capable of conducting public prayer meetings, taking charge of Bible classes, superintending Sabbath schools, &c., besides the important agency of our various Christian benevolent societies, religious books, pamphlets and periodicals, all of which are continually exerting upon the mass of population a restraining and redeeming influence. — Whereas, in the pagan world, the ratio, including teachers, female assistants, printers, physicians, &c., is but 1 missionary for a population of 5,200,000. This is less, by more than a half, than 1 minister for all New England, or than 3 ministers for the whole United States and territories! And who of us would be satisfied with such a supply? Now, from this substract the sum total of local preachers, exhorters, &c., churches, Sabbath schools, Bible classes, Christian authors, periodicals, &c., and after extinguishing all these lesser lights, let the Bible, the solar centre of the moral universe, be blotted out; then, and not till then, might we begin to find, by the perusal of *their* history, moral, political and religious, the parallel in our own.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?—In our astonishment at the revolting rites of the Hindoo, let us remember that those of our ancestors were nearly the same. The Druids were organized murderers. British women were accustomed to inspect the quivering flesh of sacrificed human victims in consultation of gods not less cruel and obscene than the gods of India. And to repeat the names Woden and Thor is to awaken associations of disgust and horror. And how have we been made to differ from our idolatrous forefathers? Whence the explanation? The Bible—the Christian missionary—the gift of the gospel of peace—the legacy of eternal life, procured through the agonies and infamy of the cross, for every creature. And why is there not a herald of this salvation occupying at this moment every valley and hill top of the habitable globe? Alas, the servant is almost every where above his Lord! “All seek their own, and not the things that are Jesus Christ’s.” Forgetting the design of the *Giver*, we have monopolized the *gift*. From being, in obedience to the original command, the medium of its conveyance to the world, we have churlishly confined this treasure to ourselves,—till in the divine economy, as the penalty of such infidelity to our trust, the fine gold of our Christian graces is become dim, our garments of salvation are moth eaten. But look again at those recovered victims of Hindoo idolatry, once the very incarnation of moral corruption and crime;—a tract, a Bible, and there you see them on the Rock of ages, and a song in their mouth that would melt a heart or adamant. Do you hear that dying Brindabund, Rughoo? and do you see him as he mounts the celestial car, and passes, heralded by angels, over the everlasting hills to heaven? Who sent that heaven directed messenger that proved the power of God to his salvation? Was it I? Who among a million of Methodists can return from that or any other death bed of the 130,000,000 of India with an affirmative answer? O, my brethren, why stand we here all the day idle? What we do we must do quickly. Can we consent

to leave our sister churches to struggle and to triumph alone? See them there, surrounded by an embattled host whose name is Legion. Their little bands are marshalled and marching, their banners floating, and the Captain of Salvation shall get them the victory.— But are we prepared to say they are doing too much? Then by what process of reasoning do we succeed in quieting our consciences in doing nothing? It is said we are doing well at home. Well, why not abroad then? It is said we are young, too. Yes, and a young giant, if we would but stand forth, and step forth in the spirit and strength of our Master. Let us at least know the truth. Placing, like other denominations, our missions in America on the domestic list, we have but *one foreign* mission. The Lord pity and pardon us; — and we will do better. Amen, and let all the people say amen! But I must now retire, to give place to one who, I hope, by Heaven's blessing will make himself heard to the very circumference of our vast communion; and may we all see to it that we cherish that charity which not only begins at home, but likewise goes abroad; and while duly provident for the body, remember that the soul of charity is charity to the soul.



EXTRACT FROM DR. OLIN'S ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE 24TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

And now, sir, I have proceeded in my very general, though I hope not unprofitable remarks, until I have undesignedly reached and defined what I conceive to be the precise position of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. I must preface the little I have to say on this more special aspect of the subject, by declaring that I do not remember, ever before, to have felt such a burden of responsibility, or so intense a desire to give utterance to sentiments, which, by God's

blessing upon them, may be of salutary tendency.— For many months past, this has been with me a sore topic; and when asked, as I often have been, what I thought of the state and prospects of our missionary work, I have shaken my head and said nothing, because I did not know what to say. To-night, sir, in the fear of God, and here in the midst of my brethren, I mean to speak freely, and I certainly never in my life felt less disposed to pay a compliment or cloak a sin.

There is something fearfully ominous in the recent history of our church: distancing all others in progress, and nearly doubling any other in numbers—increasing by nearly one hundred and fifty thousand converts in a single year—blessed with unexampled spiritual prosperity in all its borders—and yet, in this most missionary age, contributing scarcely ten cents a member for all missionary purposes, foreign and domestic, and turning pale at a debt of forty thousand dollars—doing almost nothing in the great work of converting the heathen, and after having abandoned a part of that work already, faltering and taking counsel if it be not advisable to give up the rest—I am wholly unable to contemplate this subject without dismay, and very heart sickness; and believing, as I do most religiously, that, in the present age, indifference to missions is tantamount to a denial of Christ, I should look upon our prospect with absolute despair, but for my strong confidence in the sound integrity and ultimate right action of the church.

I think we do well to begin by confessing that the true missionary spirit has never prevailed very extensively among us. I refer chiefly, in this remark, to foreign missions. Our itinerancy is itself a system of home evangelization, and gloriously has it fulfilled its mission in many parts of our own land. But so far as the salvation of the heathen world is concerned, we have certainly done vastly less, and, I think, felt less, than our sister denominations. The subject has never been brought home to the heart and conscience of the church. With the exception of some of the large towns

and a very few country places, little or no interest is felt in the matter. One seldom hears, either in the pulpit or the prayer meeting, a full, fervent supplication for the salvation of the perishing nations, though it is usual enough to listen to some sententious petition on the subject, mixed in with the common forms about the poor and needy, the afflicted and the destitute. The monthly concert is little known among us except in name. I know not by what agency or authority it was done; but nominally, and in form, a day was set apart for it: but I believe it has had little or no effect beyond that of affording an apology for declining to unite with other Christians in this most catholic and Christian duty. Once in a year, perhaps, on a set occasion, a sermon is preached on the subject of missions, and the preacher, a little conscience-smitten, or ashamed to go to conference without something to show, gathers up the slender offerings of the people, who make them in a yet colder spirit. The result of all is, a hundred thousand dollars or more are collected from a million of Methodists, but a small portion of whom give themselves any further concern about the matter, beyond paying over of so much money. It comes into the missionary treasury like taxes paid to the state, unsanctified by agonizing prayer, and fervent, outbursting love for the dying souls whose claims have called it forth. Now, whether our annual income is much or little; if the heart and the earnest prayers of the Church are not given with its silver and gold, there is an end of all hope for the successful prosecution of the missionary enterprise. Good coin, however got, will pay your debt; and if now and then a man can be found so far in advance of the common low standard of piety as to offer himself to the missionary work, it will purchase his outfit and pay his passage across the sea. Beyond that point, however, there is a work to be done which money cannot do — which depends for its success not more, but even less, upon the diligence and pious zeal of the missionary, than on warm, loving, interceding souls at home. The salvation of the heathen is a great work, which, in

God's economy, can only be accomplished by great faith and many fervent prayers. If, sir, your indefatigable treasurer in his various, endless efforts in quest of ways and means, should even find the philosopher's stone, and be thenceforth enabled to transmute into gold the baser metals that pass through his hands; or should he discover a mine of silver as rich as Potosi, it would all be but so much trash, with no fitness to be employed in this great work of God. The transformation wanted is that of the spirit of the Church — its deep, abounding piety — the rich mine whose treasures can open for us the barred gates of idol temples.

I think, sir, I have pointed out the true source of all our difficulties. It is not the poverty of the church. On the contrary, with some partial exceptions, extending only to the smallest portion of the country, the Methodists, as a people, are not poor. They generally hold their full average share of rural wealth, and constitute a large fraction of our staple agricultural class. No, they are not a poor people, but are well able to live and give. Nor are they a niggardly people. On the contrary, I am not aware that any well-founded claim upon their liberality and piety was ever fairly brought home to their judgment and conscience in vain. Witness the churches and parsonages they have erected, the schools they have endowed, the charities they have sustained. And then they are a warm hearted people—a people of ready, strong sympathies, eminently fervent in spirit, and in all their religious exercises, the very men, if the right chord is struck, to give themselves away to high and generous sacrifices for Christ and his purchased seed, and to move high Heaven by mighty intercession.

Our business, first of all, must be to bring our own hearts, and those of the church, into harmony with our duties. This can be done. By the grace of God it can be done effectually, speedily done. Most of all, our ministry wants a deeper baptism into the missionary spirit. The living ministry is God's chosen agency for saving the world. It is the grand agency

in every church. Under our economy, it is eminently the *primum mobile* in every holy enterprise. Evidently and undeniably, there has been a great decline in the true missionary spirit among ministers. Time was when our goodliest young men had great searchings of heart, and took prayerful counsel with the elders about going to the dying heathen. God send that that good spirit may fall again upon the sons of the prophets! Let us revive the monthly concert, and make alliances with good men of all names who will covenant to besiege the throne of grace in behalf of them that perish! Let us, as ministers, band together, ourselves, and exhort the people to come to our aid, to offer daily, in our closets, one earnest, deliberate prayer for the salvation of the heathen. These preliminaries well settled, I apprehend no more serious difficulty about funds. One cent a week from each of our members, would give us an income of half a million, and every minister and every layman whose opinion I have ever heard on the subject, has concurred in believing that, beyond all doubt, such an amount may be had in any church where the preacher will try to get it.

I will conclude, sir, by avowing an opinion which I have held with unchanging convictions of its correctness for more than ten years. I propose it with all deference to older and wiser men; but I will not refrain to speak at a time like this—a crisis of peril, and to many of temptation and despondency—when it is usual to invite subalterns to the council, and even to admit common soldiers. The opinion is this: as soon as we can possibly dispose of present difficulties and embarrassments, we ought, by all means, to enlarge our plans and engage in larger and more varied operations. It will arouse the church, and conciliate its confidence and faith. Many think we have attempted too much. It is beyond all question, in my mind, that we have erred and sinned by attempting too little. We ought to have taken ground in India twenty years ago. The van guard of our host should stand upon the shores of China ere six months

more are gone. Our proportionable share of the work of converting the world, gives us a hundred millions of immortal men to our watch care and tender mercies. It is high time that we ceased to palter in this business — time to stretch out our hands, and sow liberally by the side of all waters.



A LETTER FROM A NATIVE OF INDIA,
NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.*

My Dear Sir,— I am glad to answer your questions in your letter to me. When I left my native home, I was twelve years old. I joined the American sloop of war Peacock, commanded by Commodore Kennedy. She put into Bombay, and was bound to Siam to sign the treaty. And they wanted some musicians for amusement, to show the natives of Siam, and I went to play the flute. After the treaty was settled and signed, we were bound to Cochin China, and on the passage, Mr. Roberts, the minister who settled the business, was very sick, and in a few days after we arrived in Macao, he died. I was invited to come to America, but I thought I could not stand the cold weather. So the commander ordered to pay me, and I got a discharge. I waited in Macao some time, to go back to my own country, till I had got no money. After that I joined an American East Indiaman, and we sailed round the island of Java, and from there to New York, in America. I sailed from that port to Europe.— About two years and a half ago, I joined the Niger expedition. After we went round the coast of Africa, we sailed up the river in the iron steamers 350 miles, and there we were taken sick, and 200 died. The heat was so great that it brought on the brain fever. After I got to London and got well, I came back to America. All this time I did not know what a Christian life was, and I loved to be very wicked. In the

*He is in his twenty-second year — his Christian name is William Underwood. He has never had an opportunity for an education.

year of our Lord 1842, I was in Baltimore. And on the 7th day of September I felt inclined to go to church one Sabbath evening, and after I went to my chamber I felt from my heart that I must seek for the religion of Christ. Four days after I joined the church,* and I used to attend my class meeting, and they used to tell me what the religion was, and how to serve the Lord faithful, and what he had done for them. After one week I was bound to France, and thank my God, and got converted at sea, when I was in the caboose praying, about ten o'clock at night, and I served the Lord as nigh as I could till I came to Boston. And my mind was to go to the Camp Meeting, and thank my God that I feel to serve my Lord more for future of my life, if God be my helper. And I am very much thankful that you found me there, and for your kindness that you are trying to do for me to send me to school, that I might get me my education, if the Lord spare my life, and take me to my dear native land once more, that I may show my mother and brothers and sisters and my countrymen what the Lord has done for me, and to show them what a Christian life is. And I hope all my Christian brothers and sisters will care for my countrymen, and I hope I may get some education now I am converted, thank God, that I may be the means of saving many thousand souls from their wickedness, if the Lord spare my life. I am very glad you are making a book to show what my country needs, and I hope my Christian brothers and sisters will feel the same as you do; and I thank you all, and the Lord will send his blessing to you, and my countrymen will thank them too. I hope I will serve the Lord for future. Brothers and sisters I hope will pray for me. Amen. I am very much obliged for your kindness, I thank my God.

I remain your humble servant,

Boston, Aug. 19, 1843.

WM. UNDERWOOD.

Dear Sir, I hope you will excuse me my writing and spelling,† so rough to you.

*He means the Class.

†The orthography I have corrected.

